DELIVERANCE

FOR THE

Lasting Remembrance

OF GODS WONDERFUL WORKS

never to be FORGOTTEN.

Containing in it the wonderful defeat of the SPANISH-ARMADO, *Anno*, 1588. the woful Plague, *Anno*, 1603. soon upon the Entrance of King James of famous memory, unto the Crown of *ENGLAND*.

With the discovery of the POVVDER PLOT, *Anno*, 1605. and down Fall of *BLACK FRYERS*, when an hellish Crew of Papists met to hear *Drury* a Popish Priest, *An.* 1623.

Also the grievous Plague, *Anno*, 1625. with Poems both Latin and English, and the Verses of that Learned *Theodore Beza*.

By that Reverend, and eminent man of God, Mr. *John Wilson*, formerly Christs faithful Shepherd in *Sudbury*, in *Suffolk* in *great Brittain*, where these heavenly Poems, and spiritual Songs were Compiled, and at *London* printed, *Anno*, 1626. since Pastor to the first Church of Christ in *Boston* in *New-England*.

For the sake of several who have much desired to see and read this work, it is reprinted.

Psal. 107.8. *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the Children of men.*

Boston, Printed in the Year, 1680.

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Christian Reader.

Considering how exceedingly pretious the remembrance of this heavenly man of God is (whose Poems these are) unto all that knew him, yea, and the thoughts of that sacred ashes locked up within his Tomb, the thoughts of whom is enough to cause Fountains to run over, and to trickle down mine Eyes, and the Eyes of all tender hearts that loved him, this emboldneth me to present unto you this heavenly Song. Endited by him, or rather the holy Spirit of God unto him many years agoe, hoping they will find acceptanec with you, as he had a fluent strain in Poetry, so how excellent was the matter contained in the same, being full of Direction, Correction, and Consolation, suiting much unto spiritual Edification. What Volums hath he penned for the help of others in their several changes of condition, which if they were all compiled together, would questionless make a large Folio. How was his heart full of good matter? He was another sweet singer of Israel, whose heavenly Verses passed like to the handkerchief carryed from Paul to help and uphold disconsolate ones, and to heal their wracked Souls, by the effectual prisence of Gods holy Spirit. Seeing those are not so visible unto the World, be pleased to peruse these, redivivied by this present Impression, wherein we may observe what were Gods former mercyes towards his People in great Brittain, *his wonderful mercy to* King, Peers, *and* People, *and unto our* Fathers; *when the* Spanish-Popish Plot *was dashed in pieces, and the* half Moon *of their Navy, (whose horns stood seven*

miles

mile asunder was scattred into Confusion. Gods Judgements also in the two dreadful plagues (which are mentioned in this Book) and Gods healing hand. The discovery also, and defeating the hellish Powder Plot. *The woful downfall at* Black-Fryers, *where* Drury *with many of his Attendants breathed their last breath. What sayth* Asaph, *Psal.* 78.2,3,4,5,6,7. I will open my mouth in a Parable, I will utter dark sayings of old, which we have heard, and known, and our Fathers have told us, we will not hide them from their Children, which should be born, who should arise, and declare them unto their Children, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God: but keep his Commandments: *And what can be more suitable to read over, then what is here presented. Considering (as heretofore) the Devil with his Instruments have contrived to swallow up that famous Kingdome, and the Church of Christ in it, so now, are not all the Devils of Hell, with such whom they employ, busying themselves to batter down the walls of* Zion, *and to make breaches at the gates thereof, that so they might execute the utmost Butcheries that can be invented, thereby to overthrow the Kingdome of Christ here on Earth in every place? but that God who hath been the refuge of his People hitherto, that overthrew the Egyptians at the red Sea, that destroyed* Sisera *with his Army, he can save his People now in all places. Only let us thankefully remember Gods former mercyes shewed to his people in both Englands, really and unfeignedly repent of whatsoever we have provoked him with; Call and cry earnestly to him, and trust in the only Rock of Jesus Christ, who is our hope and Salvation for ever. Take in good part what is here presented to you from the Son of him who is deceased, so pretious a Father, who heartily wisheth your welfare, and the peace of all Gods Israel.*

Imprimatur.
James Allen.

Yours to serve in Christ Jesus
John Wilson.

The Introduction from out of the XXXI. of Deuteronomy, *where God chargeth* Moſes *to make his Song*

BEhold thou ſhalt with thy fore-Fathers ſleep,
As for this People, [whom thou art to leave
" They will not long my Teſtimonies keep,
" Though now they ſeem to them ſo faſt to cleave]
" But they will riſe up [after thou art gone,
" To ſcorn my word, and trample it upon]
" After the Gods a whoring will they run,
" Of the ſtrange People which are in the Land,
" Whither they are to take poſſeſſion,
[" And them amongſt to fix their wandring band.]
"Me will they caſt away, (and are ſo weak)
"My [holy Cov'nant, made with them to break.
"Then ſhall my wrath againſt them kindled be,
" Even in that day [my fury ſhall be hot,]
" Them I'l forſake, that have forſaken me,
" And hide my face from them that me forgot.
" And they ſhall of their foes be eaten up,
" Taſting of heavy woe and bitter cup.
" So that themſelves ſhall be inforc't to ſay,
" In midſt of ſorrow [came not all theſe woes,
" On us, becauſe our God is gone away,
" Mong us no longer to have his repoſe ?]
" I will from them in hiding hide my face,
" That evils-all, and other Gods embrace.
" Now therefore write you, for your ſelves, this Song,
" Which thou mayſt teach the Iſralytiſh fry,
" Putting the ſame into their mouth, [and tongue]
" That it for me 'gainſt them may teſtifie ;
" For I will them into the Country lead,
" By Oath unto their Fathers promiſed,

"[The Country,] which with milk and hony flows,
" Where, having eat their fill and waxen fat,
" Vnto ſtrange Gods they will their heart diſpoſe,
" And worſhip them [upon their faces flat,]
" But me they will contemptuouſly provoke,
" Breaking my Cov'nant, [caſting off my yoke.]
" And it ſhall be, when many evils-ſore
" Shall them befall, and make them much complain,
" This Song ſhall witneſs, [if there were no more,]
" (In mouth of all their Seed ſtill ro remain)
" That I foreknew, what's in their heart or hand
" Before I bring them to the promis'd Land.
Who ſo would ſee this ſong of heav'nly choice,
Penn'd by that holy Shepherd, Iſrells guide,
And ſweetly uttered with a ſwan-like voyce,
When here his Soul no longer might abide;
Let him unto that holy Fountain goe,
From whence ſuch ſtreams do plentifully flow.
Nor ſhall he need to think his time miſpent : *Deut.* 32.
For what is there to Iſrael committed,
Hath a more large and general extent,
And to our preſent times may well be fitted.
Now is that wall of ſeparation own,
Now that is ours, which then was their Renown.
And oh that in their holy Name alone,
And other graces, we did them ſucceed!
Oh that their falſhood and rebellion
Had not in us like bitter root and breed!
Oh that by their Example we might ſee,
Such thoughts, ſuch deeds, ſuch ſorrows how to flee.
For us another Canan is provided
Far better; better milk, and better honey.
We look our Spirits ſhould ere long be guided,
To Heav'n it ſelf, where without price or money,
We ſhall enjoy what here we may but taſt,
A joyful-bleſſed life for aye to laſt.
Oh then! what manner ones ſhould we be here?
And how refin'd ſhould be both life and heart?
Not like this world, but like our Country dear,
Where none but holy ones have any part.

We

We need not fear theſe Cananites to follow
Who be all perfect, none unſound or hollow.
Yee that in Sion are ſecure, awake;
Yee that do waver in a Sea of doubt,
How long wil't be, ere the right way ye take,
Halting no more, or compaſſing about?
Or God, or Baal, Chriſt, or Maſſe adore;
Chooſe which you will: ſerve one, but halt no more.
Remember who it is that witneſs bare,
"Even that *Amen* the witneſs true and ſure,
"Who made all Creatures to be what they are,
"I know thy works [they cannot proof endure]
"Thou art not cold, nor art thou hot enough,
"I would thou wert key cold, or hot in love.
"Sith then that Luke-warm is the frame and mold
["Which all this while after all my coſt,]
"Thou haſt attained; neicher hot nor cold
["So that my labour ſeems to be but loſt,]
"I am reſolv'd, [Conſider what I ſay]
"Out of my mouth to ſpew thee quite away.
Oh heavy doom, how can we chuſe but tremble!
"We ſay we're rich, and full, and nothing need:
"But God knows all; [he knows how we diſſemble]
"Poor, wretched-Caytifes, without ſight or weede;
"Buy then of him, gold, Robes, and Ointment bright,
"Rich, cloth'd, to make us; and of clearer ſight.
Then ſhall we ſee the end of all his Threts,
[That he an holy awe might keep us in;]
And why his naked glittering Sword he whets,
[That we might well repent us of our ſin;]
And why he doth ſuch ſtrange deliv'rance ſend,
[That we might praiſe him, and our lives amend.]
This very end it was that moved me,
(Though not ſo fit, to undertake the Taske,)
To frame this Song, or Story (as you ſee)
(Be ſure the liquor's good, what ere the caske.)
For here, as in a glaſs you may behold,
The works that God hath wrought, ſome new, ſome old.

Yet

Yet none ſo old, but young men may remember
The fartheſt works that here I ſhall recite,
Have they been hid as under heaps of ember?
Now will I take them up into the light.
  Indeed they are not hid, but men are blind,
  And loth to call the works of God to mind.
For diverſe worthy ones with faithful pen,
Have writ the moſt that I am writing here,
Calling to th' praiſe of God, unthankful men
(Which might their Souls unto his grace endeer)
  But oh! how few do prize ſuch godly pains,
  Or reap unto themſelves ſuch profer'd gains?
Yet will I venture; all are not alike;
God will have prayſes (for they be his due,)
A ſilly rod the ſtony Rock may ſtrike,
A ſilly Song forgotten works renew.
  If men be mute, then babes; if babes, an Aſſe
  Or elſe the ſtones, ſhall bring Gods will to paſs.
And if you'l have me tell you all my heart,
'Tis not my hope (yet would I not preſage)
That *men* will take my plainneſs in good part.
But come, ye children, ye of tender Age,
  This unto you I write, and thus in Verſe,
  That ye might beſt conceive, learn, and reherſe.
Come Children, hearken and conſider well,
Gods Word will teach you beſt, but works withal
(Such works as I ſhall very plainly tell)
Will teach you how with fear on God to call.
  Thou Lord, which doſt the little ones affect,
  Let this poor Song thy little ones recall.

A Song of Thanksgiving for the lasting Remembrance of Gods wonderful worsk, never to be forgotten.

FIrst, I'le begin with Eighty eight,
That most admyred year,
When 't was in king of Spains conceipt
Ore's all to domineer.
The Seas were spred with stately saile,
their Men and their Munition
Were all prepared without faile
to bring us to perdition.
How many scores of Shipping-tall,
and of their Gallyes long!
How many Regiments withal
of Souldiers stout and strong!
How many hundred Horse to praunce,
and Mules for carriage meet!
How many thousand Ordinance
were carryed in the Fleet!
How many hundred thousand pound
of Powder and of Bullet!
How many millions were found
of victuals for the Gullet!
Who so would make a just account
must reckon for the least, For

For to ſuch number all amount
as cannot be expreſt.
Beſides, great ſtore and company
of tearing torturing Whips,
And inſtruments of cruelty,
provided in their Ships;
As meaning not to be ſo kind,
our blood at once to ſpill,
But by our lingring pain, their mind
and bloody luſts to fill.
From ſeven years old, (or if not ſo,
from ten and ſo forth on)
All had been kill'd, both high and low,
their Sword could light upon.
Virgins had dyde, when they had firſt
the Virgins honour loſt:
Women unript, on Spears accurſt,
had ſeen their Infants toſt.
The children, whom they meant to ſave,
with brand of Iron hot,
Were in their face (like Indian ſlave,)
to bear a ſeared ſpot.
Their Soul (alas) had been a ſpoyle
to Soul-deſtroying Pope;
Their bodyes ſpent in reſtleſs toyle,
without all eaſe or hope.
There were but few that ſhould obtain
this mercy, which was ſuch
As if you reckon up the gaine,
You'l ſay it was not much.
Yea, they that ſerv'd the Romiſh gods
had been within the hemme

Of

Of Spaniſh ſword, which knew no odds
(or ſmall) twixt us them.
For death of Catholicks (quoth they)
we need not to be ſorry:
Their Souls ſhall goe the Catholick way,
to Heaven or Purgatory.
As for their wealth and dignity,
all this for us doth make;
For all (how much ſo ere it be,)
ſhall fall unto our ſtake.
Oh bleſſed Souls! whatbetter courſe
the higheſt heaven to merit,
Then if ſuch Catholicks, perforce,
their lands and goods inherit?
" Such Catholicks as had the Popes
" moſt ſolemn bleſſing paſt,
" To all that would their wealth and hopes,
" into this Navy caſt.
" For (you muſt know) the Popes Cruſade
" was ſent, or gentle Bull,
" To all that would this great Armade,
" enrich with purſes full.
" Or, gave thereto a leſſer fleece;
" who ſo gave what they could,
" Were quit, for thirteen pence a piece,
" of all ſins new and old
" Thus went the Hoſt to Sea with fame,
" renowned there to brave it;
" *The invincible Navy* was the name
" their holy Father gave it.
" Nor doubted they to make their Song
" of triumph before hand,

" As

" As if already Spaniſh throngs
" had conquered our land.
" *Mendoz'* mendaciouſly begun,
" in *France* to give it out,
" [*England* is won, all *England* won,
" their forces put to rout.]
" *Medyna* was the Admiral
" of this new Chriſtned Fleet,
" Who left his wife, friends, goods and all,
" in zeal (but indiſcreet.)
" He ſought to Chriſt and *Mary* both.
" and to all Saints beſide;
" Sole Chriſt to credit very loth,
" in doubtful wind and tide.
" Our little Fleet in July firſt,
" their mighty Fleet did view:
" She came but with a ſoftly courſe,
" though winds behind her blew.
" Her front much like the Moon was crook't,
" (the horns ſeven miles aſunder)
" Her Maſtes like ſtately Towers look't,
" the Ocean groaning under.
" And now behold they were at hand,
" daring our Engliſh Borders,
" Making full ſure to bring our Land
" Under their Spaniſh orders:
But God above, laughing to ſcorne
their wicked wile and wealth,
To his Annointed rais'd an horne
of hope and ſaving health.
" Prince, Prophets, people, joyntly cry'd
" TO CHRIST ALONE for ayd; Whoſe

" Whoſe power invincible was try'd
" with Banner all diſplayd.
" That noble *Drake* drave on apace,
" and made the Spaniard dive;
" And *Hawkins* follow'd hard the chaſe,
" them all away to drive.
" With theſe, well forbiſht *Forbiſher*,
" their Navy did aſſayle:
" All at her back did thunder her
" and ſwept away her tayle.
" Thoſe were the Worthies three, which firſt,
" (next to their Admiral)
" Ventur'd the hoſtile ranks to burſt,
" (ſpight of their *Don-Recall*)
" And many moe of great renowne
" did bravely play their part,
" In skill and valour putting downe
" the Spaniſh ſtrength and art.
" But why do I record the men,
" that fought with ſuch as brav'd us?
" I ſaid, (and ſo I ſay agen,)
" [It was the Lord that ſav'd us.]
He arm'd from Heaven his mighty Hoaſt,
to batter Babel's Towers:
His Angels (though unſeen) oppoſ'd
their ſide and helped ours.
" They which to creatures yield the truſt
" from the Creator taken,
" Of him and them it is moſt juſt
" they ſhould be quite forſaken.
The bluſtring winds, the ſwelling waves,
the crackes of flaſhing fire, Each

Each in their turn did check the braves
of Spains inraged Ire.
Eight of our Ships, of wild-fire, pitch,
Roſen, and brimſtone full,
And ſuch like other matter which
was moſt combuſtible,
Were ſet on fire; and (guided well)
in ſecret of the night,
By help of wind, it them befell
on Spaniſh Fleet to light.
The Spaniards ſaw how near they came,
(at Anchor as they lay,)
The Sea all-bright with ſhining flame
(as if it had been day.)
Who fearing leſt our Ships (beſide
the hurt of fierie crack)
Might with ſome deadly Engines ride,
unto their utter wrack:
All lifting up with one conſent
an hideous woful cry,
Did fill with bittereſt lament
the Ocean and the Sky.
Some pull up Anchors, ſome for haſt
their maſſie Cables cut:
They ſet up Sayles, and all agaſt,
their hand to Owers put.
And, ſmitten with a pannick terror,
confuſedly they fled,
As whom their own bewitching error,
To ſhame and ſorrow led.
They fled with ſhame, the way they came,
one from another ſcattred:

Their Shipping tall with Cannon ball,
was ſoundly beat and battred.
Their reckning was, that *Parmoes* Duke
ſhould help them with his force;
But God his courage did rebuke,
from taking ſuch a courſe.
'Tis beſt, thought he, for me and mine,
to keep us where we are;
For they (we ſee) are fain to whine,
that ventured ſo farre.
Our Holland-friends with us kept watch,
upon the coaſt of *Flanders*:
He might have ſoon met with his match,
if not with his Commanders.
Yet at the laſt he was ſo ſtout,
when to the Lady of *Hall*,
His vowes were paid on knees devout)
his Armed Troops to call;
With whom he did to *Dunkerk* paſs
(but later then was meet)
So that by ſome he twitted was,
as falſe to Spaniſh Fleet.
Thus where they left of God and men,
to wracks of wind and weather.
Their thoughts were high before, but then,
they fainted altogether.
They came not forth ſo thick before;
but now they went as thin,
Their numbers were abated ſore,
that numberleſs had bin.
"As *Saul* did *Amalek*, or worſe,
'they vow'd us all to handle,

" As whom their *Balaam* did curſe
" with Book, and Bell and Candle.
" But they themſelves combining thus,
" where the true *Amalex*-brood,
" of God accurſt for curſing us,
" in their malitious mood.
" Themſelves were made a gazing ſtock,
" a by word and reproach,
" Upon the Iſraelitiſh flock,
" preſuming to encroach.
Thus might they ban their Idol gods,
with diſcontented lours,
And well perceive the mighty odds,
between *their* faith and *ours*.
" For though ſometime, the way is not
" beſt, that hath beſt ſucceſs:
" And 't may be holy Sions lot,
" to ſuffer great diſtreſs:
" Nor is a Church prov'd good or ill,
" by any outward things;
" But that is known for Sion-hill,
" that Scripture warrant brings.
" Yet ſuch as Idols do adore,
" or Chriſt an Idol make,
" Preferring Idols him before,
" or parting them a ſtake;
" What heavy dooms do them abide,
" come from Gods wrath above,
" As what the Saints doth well betide,
" confirms them in his love.
" Thus God in days of elder hue
" did take his peoples part,

When

" When Egypts King did them purſue,
" into the red Seas heart.
" Their wheels fell of, and Chariots went,
" Full oft (for all their frowning)
" And then by flying back they meant,
" to ſave themſelves from drowning.
" They ſaid before, *We will them follow,*
" *and take, and put to foyle;*
" *They are a prey for us to ſwallow,*
" *and for our Sword to ſpoyle.*
" But by and by they chang'd their Song,
" *Oh let us flee apace,*
" *God doth the Hebrews fight among,*
" *To kill us in this place.*
" For God with ſudden winds did blow,
" upon the heaped waves,
" And made them ſoon to overflow,
" the proud in all their braves.
" They ſank as led in waters gulph,
" Horſe, Chariots, men, and all.
" The Sheep eſcap't. the cruel Wolfe
" himſelf did get the fall.
" Then *Moſes* ſang victoriouſly,
" and all his ſaved Traine,
" Led through the Sea moſt glorioufly,
" to the dry Land again,
" They looked back, and ſaw their Foes
" floating ſome here, ſome there,
" Whom late and long they feared, thoſe
" they cauſed now to fear,
" The women ſang with pleaſant voyce,
" at *Myriams* direction,

"Wth dance, and Timbrels merry noyſe,
" for this ſo rare protection,
What better type of Englands bliſs,
ſaved from Spaniſh fury?
The Sea, that was our ſafety, is
a grave our foes to bury.
Even now, we heard of their approach,
(who feared not that heard it?
But by and by, to their reproach,
They fled before they feard it.
Not above fifteen of our Ships,
did bear the battels brunt,
Which, being light, with nimble Skips,
did theirs at pleaſure hunt,
Nor was there any ſhipping loſt,
of ours, ſave only one;
And that our Enemies dearly coſt,
(better th'ad let't alone.)
When many hundreds had been ſlain
for one of ours, or leſs,
Chaſed away with broken Traine,
they wandred in diſtreſs
With Tempeſts they were toſt and ſhaken,
(all Brittain driv'n about.)
Some drowned in the deep, ſome taken,
where they could ill get out.
Some of them caſt on Scottiſh ſhores,
(and by the Kings releaſe,
More then ſeven hundred Souldiers
were ſent away in peace.)
On Iriſh ſhores were others caſt,
who fared not ſo well,)

Wild Iriſh, Fowle, foul Weathers blaſt,
upon theſe fiercely fell.
Their Navy, which with wondrous coſt,
was full three years preparing.
In one Months ſpace was (well nigh) loſt,
without our coſt or caring.
(I ſay it was not coſt ſo much
or care of ours prevail'd,
But God would have the pride of ſuch
as fought againſt him quail'd.)
Of all their goodly Ships remain'd
after this diſmal War;
Scarce forty which at all attain'd,
to their own Havens-bar.
And thoſe that with ſo much adoe,
at laſt arrived thither,
With heavy hearts needs muſt they goe
all rent with War and Weather.
No ſooner came this happy news,
unto our liſtning ear,
But all our ſad laments and rues
were turn'd to merry chear.
Our VIRGIN-QUEEN with holy dance,
unto her Timbrel ſang,
Our Land for this Deliverance,
with ſhouting-Ecchoes rang.
Her Soul had marcht (like *Deborah*)
amidſt the armed Train,
Her Faith had ſcorn'd with holy laugh
the bragging Hoaſt of *Spain*.
In hotteſt danger did ſhe reſt,
Upon the Lord ſhe ſerv'd;

Each in their turn did check the braves
of Spains inraged Ire.
Eight of our Ships, of wild-fire, pitch,
Roſen, and brimſtone full,
And ſuch like other matter which
was moſt combuſtible,
Were ſet on fire; and (guided well)
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Might with ſome deadly Engines ride,
unto their utter wrack:
All lifting up with one conſent
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Did fill with bittereſt lament
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their hand to Owers put.
And, ſmitten with a pannick terror,
confuſedly they fled,
As whom their own bewitching error,
To ſhame and ſorrow led.
They fled with ſhame, the way they came,
one from another ſcattred:

Their Shipping tall with Cannon ball,
was ſoundly beat and battred.
Their reckning was, that *Parmoes* Duke
ſhould help them with his force;
But God his courage did rebuke,
from taking ſuch a courſe.
'Tis beſt, thought he, for me and mine,
to keep us where we are;
For they (we ſee) are fain to whine,
that ventured ſo farre.
Our Holland-friends with us kept watch,
upon the coaſt of *Flanders:*
He might have ſoon met with his match,
if not with his Commanders.
Yet at the laſt he was ſo ſtout,
when to the Lady of *Hall*,
His vowes were paid on knees devout)
his Armed Troops to call;
With whom he did to *Dunkerk* paſs
(but later then was meet)
So that by ſome he twitted was,
as falſe to Spaniſh Fleet.
Thus where they left of God and men,
to wracks of wind and weather.
Their thoughts were high before, but then,
they fainted altogether.
They came not forth ſo thick before;
but now they went as thin,
Their numbers were abated ſore,
that numberleſs had bin.
"As *Saul* did *Amalek*, or worſe,
'they vow'd us all to handle,

" As whom their *Balaam* did curſe
" with Book, and Bell and Candle.
" But they themſelves combining thus,
" where the true *Amalex*-brood,
" of God accurſt for curſing us,
" in their malitious mood.
" Themſelves were made a gazing ſtock,
" a by word and reproach,
" Upon the Iſraelitiſh flock,
" preſuming to encroach.
Thus might they ban their Idol gods,
with diſcontented lours,
And well perceive the mighty odds,
between *their* faith and *ours*.
" For though ſometime, the way is not
" beſt, that hath beſt ſucceſs:
" And 't may be holy Sions lot,
" to ſuffer great diſtreſs:
" Nor is a Church prov'd good or ill,
" by any outward things;
" But that is known for Sion-hill,
" that cripture warrant brings:
" Yet ſuch as Idols do adore,
" or Chriſt an Idol make,
" Preferring Idols him before,
" or parting them a ſtake;
" What heavy dooms do them abide,
" come from Gods wrath above,
" As what the Saints doth well betide,
" confirms them in his love.
" Thus God in days of elder hue
" did take his peoples part,

When

" When Egypts King did them purſue,
" into the red Seas heart.
" Their wheels fell of, and Chariots went,
" Full oft (for all their frowning)
" And then by flying back they meant,
" to ſave themſelves from drowning.
" They ſaid before, *We will them follow,*
" *and take, and put to foyle;*
" *They are a prey for us to ſwallow,*
" *and for our Sword to ſpoyle.*
" But by and by they chang'd their Song,
" *Oh let us flee apace,*
" *God doth the Hebrews fight among,*
" *To kill us in this place.*
" For God with ſudden winds did blow,
" upon the heaped waves,
" And made them ſoon to overflow,
" the proud in all their braves.
" They ſank as led in waters gulph,
" Horſe, Chariots, men, and all.
" The Sheep eſcap't. the cruel Wolfe
" himſelf did get the fall.
" Then *Moſes* ſang victoriouſly,
" and all his ſaved Traine,
" Led through the Sea moſt glorioufly,
" to the dry Land again,
" They looked back, and ſaw their Foes
" floating ſome here, ſome there,
" Whom late and long they feared, thoſe
" they cauſed now to fear,
" The women ſang with pleaſant voyce,
" at *Myriams* direction,

"With dance, and Timbrels merry noyſe,
" for this ſo rare protection,
What better type of Englands bliſs,
ſaved from Spaniſh fury?
The Sea, that was our ſafety, is
a grave our foes to bury.
Even now, we heard of their approach,
(who feared not that heard it?
But by and by, to their reproach,
They fled before they feard it.
Not above fifteen of our Ships,
did bear the battels brunt,
Which, being light, with nimble Skips,
did theirs at pleaſure hunt,
Nor was there any ſhipping loſt,
of ours, ſave only one;
And that our Enemies dearly coſt,
(better th'ad let't alone.)
When many hundreds had been ſlain
for one of ours, or leſs,
Chaſed away with broken Traine,
they wandred in diſtreſs
With Tempeſts they were toſt and ſhaken,
(all Brittain driv'n about.)
Some drowned in the deep, ſome taken,
where they could ill get out.
Some of them caſt on Scottiſh ſhores,
(and by the Kings releaſe,
More then ſeven hundred Souldiers
were ſent away in peace.)
On Iriſh ſhores were others caſt,
who fared not ſo well,)

Wild

Wild Iriſh, Fowle, foul Weathers blaſt,
upon theſe fiercely fell.
Their Navy, which with wondrous coſt,
was full three years preparing.
In one Months ſpace was (well nigh) loſt,
without our coſt or caring.
(I ſay it was not coſt ſo much
or care of ours prevail'd,
But God would have the pride of ſuch
as fought againſt him quail'd.)
Of all their goodly Ships remain'd
after this diſmal War;
Scarce forty which at all attain'd,
to their own Havens-bar.
And thoſe that with ſo much adoe,
at laſt arrived thither,
With heavy hearts needs muſt they goe
all rent with War and Weather.
No ſooner came this happy news,
unto our liſtning ear,
But all our ſad laments and rues
were turn'd to merry chear.
Our VIRGIN-QUEEN with holy dance,
unto her Timbrel ſang,
Our Land for this Deliverance,
with ſhouting-Ecchoes rang.
Her Soul had marcht (like *Deborah*)
amidſt the armed Train,
Her Faith had ſcorn'd with holy laugh
the bragging Hoaſt of *Spain*.
In hotteſt danger did ſhe reſt,
Upon the Lord ſhe ſtay'd;

And him in midſt of Triumph bleſt,
as he had well deſerv'd.
Unto the houſe of God ſhe went,
in royalleſt array,
With thankful and devout intent
her promis'd vows to pay:
The Nobles her accompaned,
each Citizen in colour,
(The conquer'd Banners fully ſpred,
to make the Triumph fuller.)
The Preacher blaz'd with cheerful voyce,
our glorious preſervation,
The Temple ſounded with the noyſe,
of joyful acclamation.
Kings *Philips* friends did much condole,
to ſee his feats defeated,
True Brittain lips ſeem'd with a cole,
from heavenly Altar heated.
But, oh alas! the real thanks,
(which is our lives amending)
Was far away; men of all ranks,
their wicked luſts defending.
God waited long for our return,
unto a purer ſtraine;
But we caſt off his Word with ſpurne,
and horrible diſdain.
This made our God bethink himſelf,
how to correct our ſin,
As Father whips his peeviſh elfe
that hath unruly bin.
(When *Pharaohs* Hoaſt was overthrown,
yet no due fruit returned,

The wrath of God againſt his own,
gain-ſaying people burned.)

1603.

AND firſt, our Queen *Elizabeth*
ended her life and Reign;
To ſhew that all hope is a breath,
ſoon come, ſoon gone again;
Unleſs as children we depend
on God the ſureſt ſtay;
Unleſs our hearts we fully bend,
his pleaſure to obey.
Our grief was great for her deceaſe,
no leſſer was our fear,
But God did ſoon our Souls releaſe
and from all fainting reare,
Our Sun was ſet but roſe a freſh,
our hearts were fill'd with laughter,
To ſee King *James* the Crown poſſeſs
ſo quietly, ſoon after.
No Spear againſt him lifted was,
at home nor yet abroad,
All as one man with common voyce,
his coming did applaud,
But leaſt we ſhould be overjoy'd,
and hope beyond all bounds,
Juſt then, our Kingdome was annoy'd,
with Plague that all confounds:
I ſay, all ſuch, in humane prop,
as dare to put their truſt,
Not caring all the while to lop,
or leave their wicked luſt.

Some three and twenty years agoe,
(or there about) at leaſt,
God ſmote the Land with heavy blow
of this contagious peſt.
In three moneths ſpace to death did pine
(witneſs the *London*-bill)
Thirty four thouſand ſeventy nine,
yet had not death its fill.
Three thouſand three hundred eighty five,
in one week did depart,
And many thouſands moe alive,
remained ſick at heart.
And in each County, City, Town,
almoſt all *England* over,
Men of all ſorts were ſmitten down,
nor could themſelves recover.
It ſhould have then repented us,
of our enormous life,
Whereby we forc't our Father thus
to wrath and anger riſe.
Though we would not repent, yet he
repented ne're the leſs,
His tender bowels yearn'd to ſee
the depth of our diſtreſs.
His bow unbent, his Arrows keen
were caſt behind the back.
The flames which long full hot had been,
were made ere long to ſlack.
We for all this, reſolved not
more purely God to ſerve,
Therefore our foes devis'd a Plot,
ſuch as our ſins deſerve.

A Plot (to think on) ſo abhorr'd
as heart doth fear and quake,
A Plot, that when I would record,
my pen and hand do ſhake.

1605.

FUll twenty years agoe it was,
one thouſand ſix hundred five,
When Papiſts, zealous for the Maſſe,
in *England* did contrive;
The King, Queen, Peer, and noble Peers,
the Prelate, Judge, and Knight,
And Burgeſſes, with powder fire
all at a clap to ſmite.
At *Dunkerk*, and at *Lambeth* both,
they did of things agree,
With ſolemn Sacramental Oath,
of deepeſt ſecrecy.
When Spaniſh Navy had no force,
nor Plots of forreign foes,
They meant to take a ſurer courſe,
the ſcap't bird to encloſe.
That is, with Art to undermine
the houſe of Parliament,
(No fitter place to be the ſigne,
of ſuch a damn'd intent.)
There had the cruel Laws been made,
againſt their Romiſh Prieſts,
There will they dig with cruel ſpade,
and meet their mining liſts.
But who would taxe (beſide themſelves,)
of Rigour ſuch a Law,

As

As gave the uſe of life to Elves
that had ſo curſt a jaw?
A jaw ſo curſtly wide, as would
have ſwallowed at a bit,
Great Englands head and body, ſhould
the Lord have ſuffred it.
After ſome digging they diſcry
a Cellar to be near,
Which they reſolve to hire or buy,
ſhould it be ne're ſo dear.
They laid their powder in this Vault,
full ſix and thirty Barrels,
With one unheard of deep aſſault,
to end their former quarrels.
(Note by the way the Romiſh Whore,
hath Barrels in her Cellar.
In *March* ſhe brewed, or before,
but I'le be bold to tell her;
Thy Chriſtmas doth not yet approach
why laiſt thou in ſo faſt?
Before thy time, thou mean'ſt to broach,
thy brewing will be waſte.)
Billets and Faggots hid this ſtuff
great ſtones and iron crowes,
(To cauſe a more maſſacring puffe)
were piled under thoſe,
Now was Novembers fifth at hand,
when ore this helliſh pit,
Both head and body of the Land
were all at once to ſit.
When furious *Fauxe* with matches three,
(for ſpickets) was provided,

The reſt of this fraternity,
were very cloſely ſided.
Monyes they had good ſtore, and horſe,
(ſome more then was their own.)
And thought to gather mighty force,
by roving up and down.
From *Warwick-ſhire* to *Woſter-ſhire*,
from thence to *Stafford-ſhire*,
Thinking ere this, all *Weſtminſtir*
was over-turn'd with fire.
They made the world believe, they went
about a hunting match,
But for their ſpoyle and booty, meant
our Souls and lives to catch.
When firſt th'ad got, by force of Arms,
the Lady *Elizabeths* Grace,
Not doubting by their Popiſh charms;
her Conſcience to deface:
And having blown away the King,
and royal Iſſue male,
They thought by Crowning her, to bring
her will in ſervile thrall.
Then had they in her name forth ſent
good ſtore of Proclamations,
Such as might fit with the intent
of their Imaginations.
Nor would they father by and by
the Plot, (though 'twere their own,)
But meant the infamy ſhould lye
where it was quite unknown.
If you would know what kind of man,
they would have thus traduced, Forſooth,

Forſooth, it was the Puritan,
(ſo in their ſtile abuſed.)
Indeed they meant the Proteſtants,
ſhould all be under guilt,
As if the blood of Popiſh Saints,
at once they would have ſpilt.
A Gull without all wit or ſenſe
(what will not malice ſay?)
"The Wolfe can ſoon find a pretence,
"why the poor Lamb to ſlay.
No, no: it was the Jeſuit,
and Prieſts of Popiſh faction,
That brought them to this hideous pit,
though they deny the action.
Our doctrine loyal is, and courſe,
like to our doctrine, loyal;
They teach, (and put no leſs in force)
to cruſh the Scepter royal,
Who ſo their Anti-chriſtian Sect
will not their favour crown,
Let him be King, born or elect,
they'l ſeek to pull him down.
And if their ſtrength be not enough,
to bring about the matter,
Then Dagger, Dag, Fig, Powder-ſtuffe,
ſhall ſtab, ſhoot, poiſon, ſcatter.
Thus were their heads and hands at work,
our State to overthrow,
Suppoſing all the while to lurke,
under ſome fairer ſhow.
But all this while they looked not
to God that view'd them well, And

And layd all-ope their ſubtle Plot,
forg'd by the Devil of hell.
Theſe privy works of wily men,
ſo long and cloſe concealed,
By their own letter, hand, and pen,
were ſuddenly revealed.
The hole was ſearcht of crafty Cubs,
and then appeared plain,
The Wood, Stones, Iron, Gunpowder-tubs,
and all the powder-train.
At this Hell-mouth, with triple match,
(dark Lantern in his hand,)
Stood *Fauxe* in dead of night, to watch,
and comers to withſtand.
His watching had but ill event,
when from our watchful King.
Thoſe noble Patriots were ſent,
to find the ſecret thing.
He was in Boots and beſt array,
('twas fit it ſhould be ſo,
Being to travail ſuch a way,
as he leaſt thought to goe.)
He was not vext ſo much about
his taking, or his ſhame,
As for his happe to be without,
when the Kings ſearchers came;
Elſe, he reſolv'd, all void of grace,
(that might have made him quake,)
Them, and himſelf, with houſe and place,)
a ruinous heap to make.
About this time the hunting rout,
that were in Country mounted, From

From Shire to Shire were hunted out,
and ſturdily affronted.
Nor needed greater power riſe
their mutinies to quaile;
The Sheriffes power did ſuffice
to fetch them to the Jayle.
They look't that all where ere they poſt
ſhould like and help the fact,
Their reckoning was without the hoſt:
for all abhorr'd their Act.
Yea, mark: the houſe that they were in
(as in a harbour ſure,)
Might well convince them of their ſin,
and practiſing impure.
For as their powder was too dry,
(wherein they put their truſt,)
They ſaw it was but vanity,
to hope in fickle duſt;
Which (touched with a ſparke of fire,)
hurt them by ſudden flaſh,
That were inflam'd with hot deſire,
the higheſt Court to quaſh.
So their own powder did them tell,
to their own very face,
Their powder-workings were from Hell,
moſt barbarous and baſe.
One of them dreamed over-night,
he ſaw ſtrange looks and antick;
Their morrow-faces in the light,
prov'd this no fancy frantick;
He dream'd, at the ſame time, and place,
he ſaw ſtrange tottering ſteeple, Which

Which did preſage the tottring caſe,
of this ſeduced people.
" They ſay our Churches are their own,
" our Bells, and Steeples tall,
"But, ſtriving for poſſeſſion,
" they caught a fearful fall.
" They builded Caſtles in the Sky,
" (no marvail if they waver,
" The bird may build her neſt on high,
" (not high enough to ſave her.)
And here it may not be forgot,
Catesby himſelf was one,
(The firſt contriver of this Plot,)
their powder flaſht upon.
In ſtead of whirling into Sky
our Parliament, their own
Roof (where they parl'd.) before their Eye.
into the Sky was blown.
And a great powder-bag, (entire,)
was blown up therewithal:
Which never taking any fire,
came down full in the fall.
To ſhew that God doth over-ſway
both fire and powder ſtrong,
And doth their ſtrength hold or allay,
as he ſees right or wrong.
Suppoſe the fire had toucht the Train
Under the Parliament,
God could have made them both refrain
their natural extent.
Themſelves were forc't upon this ſight,
Heavens-anger to confeſs,

And on bent knees (all in a fright)
their ſorrows to expreſs:
" As they, that found the Shepherds rod,
" their develliſh feats to quell,
" All trembling at the hand of God
" from their preſumption fell.
Thus all their hopes were overthrown,
and utterly confounded,
And Popiſh-hunters in their own
moſt cruel pit were pounded.
Catesby and *Piercy*, brethren ſworn,
were caught and pierc't together,
Back joyn'd to back, (and all forlorne,)
by one ſhot, reaching thither.
Two *Wrights* that with their open might,
againſt their King rebelled,
Of roiſting Rebels had the right,
by Sword of Juſtice quelled.
Garnett's to Gallows guarded ſure,
[Nor th' ſtraw miraculous,
Where Limnet drew his face demure.
ſav'd him from dying thus.]
Digby did for their digging pay,
on Gibbit mounted up,
Two *Winters* went the ſelf ſame way,
Keys dranke of this Cup.
Treſham had tred no other track,
if he had liv'd ſo long,
Grant had his grant, the Rebel-pack,
to end his life among.
Rookwood, that would not better look,
to hooks of bait-alluring,

Was fain like heavy doom to brook,
(with ſhame for ever during.)
Fauxe like a Fox. was hanged high,
and *Bates* his ſtrength abated:
" Thoſe that in Treaſon joyne, muſt dye
" the death of Traitors hated.
" They'r dead, we live, even in their ſight:
" they'r catcht, we ſcap't away;
" What ſhould have been their day, our night,
" is now their night, our day.
" Even as thoſe three renowned ones,
" in furnace ſeven times fired,
" Were ſafe preſerved. (fleſh and bones,
" skin, hair, and cloathes unſeared:
" The ſmoak devouring at a lick
" all them (and all entire)
" Which in their malice were ſo quick,
" to caſt them in the fire,
" And as when *Daniel* was thrown,
" into the Lyons den,
" They ſpared him; but fleſh and bone
" all tore thoſe wicked men.
" So when three Kingdomes with a blaſt,
" from Babels flaming pit;
" Were like to come to woful waſte,
" before they dream'd of it:
" The Son of God (that in the mids
" of burning buſh is dwelling)
" Sav'd us, and kept his tender kids
" from claws of Lions yelling.
" Nay, (as if this unto his Grace,
" had ſeem'd too ſmall a thing) C " He

" He brought our foes into the place,
" where they vow'd us to bring.
Alas ! if they had brought to pass,
the things they took in hand,
For Christ, the Pope, for Gospel Mass
had reigned in our Land.
And every where there had been rise,
Racks, halters, fire and stake,
Or privy dungeon deaths, by knife,
hunger, and poyson'd cake.
But God was pleas'd from bitter brunts,
of Antichristian thrall,
To save us, and to just accounts
those bloody men to call.
Never since world began was thought
Plot more abominable.
Never Deliverance was wrought,
more strange and admirable
Our King was wise by a word to see
their secret deep intent,
Wiser to seal that firm decree
in Court of Parliament,
That year by year, most solemn thanks
might to our God redound,
Who did the Popish power and pranks
so mightily confound.
Here to insert, is not amiss,
another later doom,
Which did befal long after this
some Romists in a room,
Even for this end, that all the Land
more freshly might remember, How

How God abhorr'd *that Plot* in hand,
on fifth day of *November*.
" For he is privy to the rotten
" frame of our thankleſs minds,
"And ſees how all would be forgotten
" without ſome freſher ſigns;
May't pleaſe you but to reckon by
Gregorian Kalendar,
Then will you ſay as much as I,
am here to Regiſter.

1623.

IN the one thouſand year of grace,
ſix hundred twenty three,
(Upon *Novembers* fifth it was)
ſome Papiſts did agree,
To meet upon a Garret-flowre
within *Black-friers* range,
Near which, the French Ambaſſadour
lodg'd, till this heavy change.
Two or three hundred thither flockt,
crowding with eager luſt,
The room was full (the dore unlockt)
ſome to the ſtairs was thruſt.
Who ſo repair unto the yard,
or garden where they went,
Of this ſad doom and veſper-hard,
may ſee the monument.
For 'twas at Even-ſong that they met,
upon the Lords own day,
Which by his Ordinance is ſet,
to teach us in his way.

They came to hear *Drury* a Prieſt,
from *Babel* thither ſent,
Who in his Jeſuit parrel dreſt,
did there his matter vent.
Before his Sermon, on his knees
at this chair feet he fell.
Which was rear'd up by ſome degrees,
that they might ſee him well.
There did he ſome ſhort prayer mutter
as 't were an *Ave-mary*,
No vocal prayer did he utter,
(from us, perhaps, to vary :)
But preſently fell to his Text,
which was about the King ;
Who pardon'd much to him, that vex
his mate for a ſmall thing.
Out of which Text he wringed this,
as ſome (that heard him) ſay ;
'Twould goe with all ſuch Souls amiſs,
as from their fold do ſtray.
Becauſe forſooth their Sacraments,
(as namely Penance doing)
To cancel, are the Inſtruments
what debts to God are owing.
He preached by an hour-glaſs,
(an Embleme very apt,
To ſhew how near the period was,
how life dy death intrapt.)
Before the ſand had run its courſe,
his breath was to be gone,
He made ſome way to his diſcourſe,
but went no farther on,

The hand of God with ſudden ruſh,
upon the Chamber came,
And did the Jeſuit all to cruſh,
I'th' ruins of the ſame.
His Soul before that heav'nly King,
did anſwer for this action,
There learning beſt, what is the thing,
that yields him ſatisfaction.
This ſure I am, unleſs he did
ſole Chriſt his pleader make,
And Popiſh merits farewel bid,
he could not chuſe but quake
With him well nigh an hundred more,
men, women, one and other,
By fall of beams, and upper flore,
were cruſhed in the ſmother.
So much o'th' Garret-flore fell,
as was above the place.
Where Father *Rediate* had his Cell
and Papiſts went to Maſs.
But all their maſſing would not ſerve
their Prieſt, or them at all;
"They that from Scripture Cannon ſwerve,
"muſt look at laſt to fall.
Alas! what ſhrieks follow'd their mirth,
what cryes moſt pittiful?
Like theirs, whom once the gaping Earth,
into her womb did pull:
Or like the doleful noiſe of all
that worſhipt *Dagons* block;
On whom the houſe did ruſh and fall,
whiles they did *Sampſon* mock;

Or like that dismal cry and groane,
throughout the Egyptian coasts,
When, in one night each first born son,
was slain by th' Lord of Hoasts;
Or like the Galilean moane,
when in sedition found,
The sacrificers saw their own
blood spilt upon the ground.
This sad disaster might enforce
a stony heart to melt,
Which they in superstitious course
strongly beguiled, felt.
" Secrets belong unto the Lord,
" this we may well proclaim,
" What lies be damned in his word,
" his works confute the same.
They went about to blaze abroad,
as if most cruelly,
Some of the Protestants by fraud,
had wrought their misery.
By secret drawing out of pin,
or sawing half asunder
Some of the Timber, that was in
the house to prop it under.
But this's a vaile that Satan cast
before their eyes to blind them,
Thereby from sight of Judgement past,
and due remorse to wind them.
For plain it was, in strictest view,
that by the people's press
And Sommeyrs mortazing undue,
they came to this distress.

And that Gods finger may appear,
more plainly, no foundation
Nor Wall did faile, but all entire
the ſeeld Roof kept his ſtation.
" Oh then, that thoſe which did eſcape,
" with feet out of the ſnare,
" Might learn no more to run or gape,
" after ſuch Romiſh ware!
" And that we all might learn to flee
" from Babel and her dung,
" Leſt for our filthineſs we be,
" into her ſorrows flung.
But to return whence I digreſt,
(take the old ſtile or new,)
Novembers fifth muſt be confeſt,
worthy all laſting view.
A day that juſtly was aſſign'd
to the Almighties glory,
A day when all ſhould call to mind,
the famous powder ſtory.
But this not all to God belongs,
nor do we praiſe him beſt,
By Sermons, Prayers, or loud Songs,
Bells, Bone-fires, or by Feaſt.
All theſe are good, but ſomewhat elſe
is of far better note;
When heart, and life, our Souls and ſelves,
to him are all devote.
God looked for't that all Eſtates
ſhould mend what was amiſs,
That Truth and Judgement in our Gates,
ſhould one another kiſs.

But we, alas! did ſoon forgit
the mighty works of God,
Not growing better any whit
by ſhaking of the rod,
Nor by the wrack beyond the Sea
of Chriſtian brotherhood;
Nor Banners that our foes diſplay,
'gainſt Brittains royal blood;
Nor by the ſafe return again,
of our then royal-Prince,
From his great venture into *Spain*,
nor his deliv'rance ſince,
(When he was ſafe in falling down
by guard of Angels tended);
Nor his ſafe coming to the Crown,
rightly on him deſcended:
Theſe works of God could not ſuffice
to draw us from our ſinning,
But ſtill we kept the hue and ſize,
we had at the beginning:
This ſtirred up the Lord of Hoaſts,
to jealouſie and rage,
And made him ſmite again our Coaſts,
not ſparing any Age.

1625.

IN the one thouſand year of God,
ſix hundred twenty five,
Was ſent the Peſtilential rod,
our rocky hearts to rive.
In the chief City of the Realm,
it had the chiefeſt ſeat:

There

There like a Sea to overwhelm
pride that was grown ſo great;
Or like a fire to purge away,
the droſs of hateful ſin;
Or like a Trumpet thence to fray,
the ſleep that Souls were in.
The Queen of Cityes wont to ſit,
in Chair of higheſt ſtate,
Now ſate in duſt and loweſt pit,
all ſad and deſolate:
The higheſt Court of Parliament,
to *Oxford* did remove.
The Tearmers were to *Redding* ſent,
their Titles there to prove.
Nor were the ſtrangers ſtrange alone,
to the infected City;
But her beſt lovers all were gone,
and left her without pitty.
I mean, the rich did flock away,
and bade her ſtreets adieu,
Except the poor (which needs muſt ſtay)
there ſtayed but a few.
Nothing was heard but paſſing-bells,
and friends their friends lamenting,
Nothing but heavy doleful-knells.
(Death not at all relenting)
Nothing was ſeen but heaps of dead,
to feed the hungry grave;
Or others lying ſick a bed,
(no way their life to ſave.)
Some looked pale, and ſome with pain,
were forc't to rave and roare,

Some

Some did the deadly marks ſuſtain,
and ſome the deadly ſore:
In one years ſpace, or leſs then ſo,
(from time the Plague began)
To what a number did they grow,
that death grip't in his ſpan?
Sixty two thouſand at the leaſt,
Six hundred ſeventy ſeven,
Were made appear by deaths arreſt,
before the God of Heaven.
Yea, do but from *Junes* ſecond look
unto *Decembers* laſt,
Scarce ſhall you read in Engliſh-book
of like doom ever paſt.
Within this three months ſpace alone,
as hath been duly counted,
Fifty three thouſand ninety one,
by Bills report amounted.
In *London* and the Liberties,
(Six moe near Pariſhes add,)
All the forenamed clos'd their eyes,
and made their friends full ſad.
More dy'd in *this* then *former* peſt,
by th, heavy hand of God;
In thirteen weeks (to ſay the leaſt)
Eleven thouſand forty and odd.
Of all which ſumms, the greateſt part
by death departed thence,
Were pierced through with fiery dart,
of raging Peſtilence.
If within and without one City Walls,
were found of men ſuch lack,

More then ſix myriades of Souls
brought to ſo heavy wrack:
Oh then what was the wrack and ſpoyle,
of all the Land beſide,
In Cities and in Country ſoyle,
throughout the Kingdome wide?
Trading grew dead, and mony ſcant,
the rich doubting their ſtate,
The poor were pinched ſore with want,
all fear'd the diſmal fate.
Men from their dwellings fled apace
where theſe night Arrows fell,
But picked Halberds in each place
were ſet them to repell.
The high wayes unfrequented were,
men feared all they met,
And many keeping home, were there
caught in this ſpreading net.
High time it was that when the Lord,
was thus to fury bent,
All of their ſins, ſo much abhorr'd,
ſhould ſpeedily repent.
Our Royal King right humbly fell
before the King of Grace,
In mournful weeds, becoming well,
this ſad and heavy caſe.
It pittyed him to ſee his ſheep,
by flocks to fall away,
It made his very Soul to weep,
to ſee their quick decay.
Himſelf began, and then he made,
his Subjects all to faſt,

By Proclamation he forbad,
(ſo long as plague ſhall laſt)
All other works, upon the day
to faſting ſet apart,
That all at once might weekly pray,
to God with broken heart.
Thus all at once pour'd out their groans,
to God in this reſtraint;
Filling both Heaven and Earth with moans,
and cryes of their complaint.
And God which ever keeps his word,
ſoon pittyed our woes,
Bidding the Angel ſheath his Sword,
and ſlack his murdering blows.
When in one week of ſickneſs wanne,
five thouſan' a hundred five,
Dy'd in the City, then began
the City to revive.
(Yet after this in ſix weeks ſpace,
of Plague and Feavers ſore,
There dyed in the foreſaid place,
full ſeventeen thouſand more.)
But oh! behold Gods mighty power:
to grave were carryed thence,
In twelve weeks, after this no more,
but one of Peſtilence.
Even when the Plague was ſpread at length,
into the Cities heart,
Then did abate the raging ſtrength,
and poyſon of his dart.
" Right ſo the Jewiſh Church of old,
" For *Davia*'s proud preſumption, And

" And for their own rebellions bold,
" fall'n in a quick conſumption,
" Juſt when the Angel ſtretcht his hand,
" *Jeruſalem* to ſtroy,
" It pleaſed God no more their Land,
" with ſickneſs to annoy.
Yea mark; when thoſe return'd again
that from the City fled,
And when the Country thick came in
to market, boord, and bed,
Who would have thought but by and by
the Plague ſhould be renewed?
Yet did it ſtill moſt quiet lye,
as in a corner mewed.
Never was heard of ſuch a change;
'twas but few dayes before,
The ſickneſs up and down did range,
ſcarce paſſing by a dore.
The very ayre it ſelf might then
ſeem to be quite infected;
Now Churches, Streets, ſhops, houſes, men,
all ſure and ſafe protected.
The eyes which had not before ſeen,
the Cityes deſolation,
Could ſcarce believe that there had been
ſuch deadly viſitation.
Six moneths are gone about at leaſt,
ſince that great ebbe and fall;
Few all this while dy'd of the Peſt,
and ſome weeks none at all.
Nor was the ſickneſs driven out
alone from *London* City,

But

But in all Countries round about,
was ſhewed the like pitty.
For though ſome ſparkles here and there,
to awe us yet remain,
Yet little breaks out any where,
to burn us up again.
Even in our Town (ſo far remote)
when this diſmal diſeaſe,
On place, and houſe, and man of note,
moſt dangerouſly did ſeaze:
When Town and Country were afraid,
it would have further ſpred,
This deadly plague with dead was laid,
as in a reſting bed,
(And there it ſhould have reſted ſtill,
as many weeks it did,
If men had not their doings ill
with falſe pretences hid.)
As for this Pariſh (thanks to God,
by whom the lot is caſt)
To this day felt this heavy rod,
not one from firſt to laſt.
Cry of our ſins and grace abus'd,
did well deſerve the worſt,
But God to hear that cry refus'd,
(elſe had we been the firſt:
Now what may be the Lords intent,
it is not hard to gheſs,
Even this, that we might all repent,
and his free grace confeſs.

CONfeſs we all before the Lord,
his grace and mercy then,
And ſhew his Acts with one accord,
before the ſons of men.
In preſence of his holy ones,
praiſe him with joy and fear,
Who doth revive our withered bones,
and light from darkneſs rear.
Man, Woman, child, both old and yongue,
rich, poor, the low and high,
Laud and extol with heart and tongue,
the higheſt Majeſty.
Ye bleſſed Angels honour him,
and all the heavenly band,
Ye birds that flye, and fiſh that ſwim,
and cattel of the Land,
Let every City, Shire, and Town,
Each Church, and houſe, and Soul,
With thankful pen write his renowne
in everlaſting roule.
Let all that lives confeſs his grace,
that ſaves their life and fame.
Let none by wicked life deface,
the glory of his name.
And thou my Soul remember well,
the kindneſs of the Lord,
Ceaſe not with thankful lips to tell,
the trueneſs of his word;
Who gave thee pardon of thy ſin,
and kept thee from the ſmart,
(For all the danger thou wert in)
of the infectious dart.

Thou

But in all Co[illegible]nd about,
was shewed the like pitty.
For though some sparkles here and there,
to awe us yet remain,
Yet little breaks out any where,
to burn us up again.
Even in our Town (so far remote)
when this dismal disease,
On place, and house, and man of note,
most dangerously did seaze:
When Town and Country were afraid,
it would have further spred,
This deadly plague with dead was laid,
as in a resting bed,
(And there it should have rested still,
as many weeks it did,
If men had not their doings ill
with false pretences hid.)
As for this Parish (thanks to God,
by whom the lot is cast)
To this day felt this heavy rod,
not one from first to last.
Cry of our sins and grace abus'd,
did well deserve the worst,
But God to hear that cry refus'd,
(else had we been the first:
Now what may be the Lords intent,
it is not hard to ghess,
Even this, that we might all repent,
and his free grace confess.

Confess

CONfeſs we all before the Lord,
his grace and mercy then,
And ſhew his Acts with one accord,
before the ſons of men:
In preſence of his holy ones,
praiſe him with joy and fear,
Who doth revive our withered bones,
and light from darkneſs rear.
Man, Woman, child, both old and yongue,
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And thou my Soul remember well,
the kindneſs of the Lord,
Ceaſe not with thankful lips to tell,
the trueneſs of his word;
Who gave thee pardon of thy ſin,
and kept thee from the ſmart,
(For all the danger thou wert in)
of the infectious dart.

Thou

THou Lord which from the Spaniſh yoke,
and from the powder blaſt,
And from that former ſickneſs ſtroak,
and from this newly paſt,
Haſt ſaved us and ours, and thine,
ſo many as ſurvive,
Oh do not of thy Grace divine
our feeble Souls deprive.
For we alas, are like to fall
into the ſame exceſs,
If to thy works thy grace withal,
come not to work redreſs,
So are we wedded to the toyes,
of our own hearts deviſing.
That we neglect the heav'nly joyes,
from thy pure wayes ariſing.
(Even when the ſcourge was on our backs,
how few their life amended?
Our mending then muſt needs be ſlack,
when once the Plague is ended.)
Nor Navy, nor the powder Plot,
nor frightful noiſe of war,
Nor roaring of the Cannon ſhot.
nor all the Plagues that are,
Shall ought prevail, nor yet our ſtrange
Deliverance from all,
Unleſs thy holy Spirit change,
and draw our hearts withal:
Then draw us Lord immediately,
and we ſhall follow thee,
And make us ſuch effectually
as thou wouldſt have us be:

So need we not to fear the Turke,
Nor Pope, nor Spaine, nor Hell
For thou shalt ever evil work,
Reveal, defeat, and quell.
No sickness pestilential
Shall smite our Tabernacle;
Or if there do, thy mercy shall
Be our safe Receptacle.
Lord save thy Church, our King and State,
Lord purge out all our dross,
And such as do thy Gospel hate,
Infatuate and cross
Lord bless the Parliamental Court,
(Vpper and lower House,)
And when to Counsel they resort,
In them remember us.
From King that sits upon the Throne,
To beggar in the Street:
Let all their by-past sins bemoane
Before thy mercy feet;
That we and our Posterity,
Safe-hid under thy wing,
May ever of thy verity,
And saving mercy sing.

FINIS.

DEO BISULTORI SAXUM. Ad memoriam Classis Hispanicæ, Anno, 1588. *Submersæ, subversæ.*

Vidimus (heu trepidi cum vidimus,) æquora Ibera
Classe tegi: centum, & senas quater illa vehebat.
Non Vincenda rates Veteres ingentia nautæ
Obstupuere ratum nova corpora: Viderat illas,
Estq; suas miratus opes Neptunus, & in se
Advenisse omnes ridet Telluris honores.

Nos vero horruimus toti tot tympana crebræ
Clamoremq; tubæ, strictos super omnia cultros,
Flagorumq; minas, quæ barbarus omnia Iberus
Gentis in Exitium quæsiverat arma Britannæ.
Nos laceræ viduæq; rati spes credimus. Illa
Sulphure & igne gravis, ventis (spoliata Magistro)
Traditur, & votis exit crudelibus. Hosti
Mista suis pereat flammis, sed perdit & hostem.
Ventis vela suis perithæc, sed perdit & hostem,
Vidimus hic læti velis albentia primi
Æquora, nunc sanie & nigro maculata cruore,
Excutitur cursu Classis, pars æquore mersa est,
In mediis pars ardet aquis, pars flumine cæco
Errat, & ignotis vix tandem allabitur oris.

Ad memoriam proditionis Pulverariæ Anno, 1605. *Indicatæ Vindicatæ,*

Vidimus (o læti, cum vidimus) eruta cæco
Romæ tui sceleris quanta, quot arma specu!
Ferrum, saxa, faces, & dolia sulphure fæta,
(Scilicet his Meretrix vina dat hausta cadis)
Hæc latuere diu magni sub fornice Tecti,
Jussa manere manum, Fauxe sceleste, tuam.
Legibus illa olim penetralia sacra ferendis
Proh pudor!) horrendum pene tulere scelus:
Rex, Princeps, Proceres, Patres, flos Plebis ut uno
Ictu corruerent, ipsaq; Religio.
Admaiura sacras aderat manus ultimæ flammas,
Prodit, disperdit, vindicat istæ Deus.
Nil Erebum pudeat scelerum. Scelus hoc dabit unum
Infandosq; homines, Fuminidasq; pias.
En Erebo accessit sceleris nova forma, paremq
Huic Erebum sceleri postulat illa novum.
Par sceleri dabitur pretium? Modus unus utrique
Nullus erit pene: nullus erat sceleri.
Par merito laus danda Deo? Modus unus utriq;
Nullus erit laudi: nullus erat merito.

Rite Deo Saxum q; datum, nomenq; Bis-ultor :
Vicerat hinc hostes, luserat inde dolos.
Perditione prius, nunc proditione petebant :
Perdita perditio est, prodita proditio.

To God our twice-Revenger.

WE saw, but oh! how sad were we to see, (spred
Spains (prouder) Fleet on the proud Ocean
An hundred ships there were, & eight times (three
Which made it deem'd and nam'd unconquered.
The antient Pilots were amaz'd to see't,
When they beheld this new-huge bodied Fleet.
The Sea with mazed smile saw in her bounds,
All the Earths wealth and honor brought by Ships,
But we all trembled at the frequent sounds
Of Trumpets, Drummes: at naked Swords and Whips,
(Sore threatned) wherewith all the Spaniard fell,
Came arm'd this Brittain Nation to quell.
Our hopes are in a lone-torne Ship (benitted,
With fire and Brimstone as her chiefest loade)
She, without guide, is to the winds committed,
And forth with cruel destiny she roade;
[Them and her self with her own flames to spoyle]
Winds serve; she burnt her self, put them to foile.
Here were we cheer'd to see the Ocean maine,
All white before with Sails, now purple grown.
As suddenly with blood of Spaniards slain:
Their Fleet is scattred, and their Ships o're thrown:
Some sink, some burn i'th' Sea, and some at last,
After long wandring, on strange Shores are cast.

WE saw, but oh! how glad were we to see,
O cruel Rome, out of thy darksome den,
So many weapons of thy villany
And mighty Engines, pluckt by hands of men?
Stones, Faggots, Crows, Gun-powder tubs we saw,
These wines *The Whore* doth from her vessels draw.

Long were they hid under the secret Vault,
Of that great house; and there they were to lye,
Till they were made (O horrible assault!)
By wicked *Faux* his hand, aloft to flye.
Those sacred rooms where Laws were wont to breed,
To sudden wrack and ruine were decreed.
King Prince, Peers, Prelates, Commons, Gospel bright,
All at one blow together were to fall:
Match was in hand to give the Trains their light,
But God reveal'd, destroy'd, reveng'd them all.
Hell needs not blush: for this Impiety
Doth worst of men, fiends furies justifie.
Hell never knew such wickedness as this,
Another Hell (like it) there need a'-been.
Should Plot and pay be like? for both there is
One measure: none of pay! for, none of sin.
Should praise be like Gods grace? there is but one
Measure for both: Grace had, praise must have none.

A Pillar Consecrated.

THis Pillar bright, and [twice-Revenger's] name,
Both to our God of right we are to reare;
For he hath more then twice deserv'd the same,
Here, having quell'd our Foes, and mockt 'em there.

THey first destroyers, and then Traytors playd;
Destroyers are destroy'd, Traytors betray'd.

Verses made by *Theodore Beza*, upon the overthrow of the *Spanish Navy*, 1588.

STraverat innumeris Hispanus classibus Æquor,
Regnis jun lurus Sceptra Britanna suis.
Tumi hujus rogitas quæ motus causa? superbos
Impulit Ambitio, vexit Avaritia.
Quam bene te, Ambitio, mersit vanissima, Ventus?
Et tumidæ tumidos vos superastis aquæ?

Quam

Quam bene Raptores orbis totius Iberes,
Mersit inexhausti justa vorago maris?
Et tu cui venti, cui totum militat Æquor,
Regina, O mundi totius una decus,
Sic Regnare Deo perge, Ambitione remota,
prodiga sic opibus perge juvare pios:
Vive Angli longum, longum Anglis ipsa fruare,
Quam dilecta bonis, tam metuenda malis.

Thus Englished (though not according to their Worth.)

THe Spaniard with great Ships, and numberless,
Ore-spread the Sea, that with his Kingdoms large
He might great Brittains royal Crown possess,
Wouldst know the cause of all this stir and charge?
'Twas this: The proud were with Ambition led,
And after filthy lucre carryed.
How well wert thou! most vain Ambition]
Drown'd by the wind? and ye O swelling waves,
Ore-came that proud and swelling Dition,
World-spoyling Spaniards, midst of all their braves.
How well and justly in the gulfe profound,
Were, of the Sea insatiable, drown'd?
And thou, for whom the winds and Ocean maine,
Are prest to fight, O Queen (the worlds renown)
So still for God, without Ambition reign,
So still the godly with rich favours crown.
That England thee, thou England, long and long
May'njoy; the good belov'd, bad fear'd, among.

Another Song.

O Night, O day, while dayes and nights shall last,
'Bove all the dayes and nights that ever past,
TO Englands God be hallowed,
With hearts and tongues solemnized,
With Hymns and songs eternized.

[illegible]ck night and [illegible] day, [illegible] have been,
A thundring night, a stormy day I ween,
With hellish Tempests darkned,
With Romish murders bloodyed,
With English horror dismalled,
The Train was ready laid, the powder dry,
[illegible]s, and the blow, I quake to think how nigh.
Now all the Fiends of Hell wide gap'd,
Now all the friends of Rome well hop'd,
Now all *England* securely slep'd.
But Gods all-seeing never slumbring eye,
As Sentinel kept watch and ward on high,
Their devillish Plots he fore-espyes,
[illegible] Popish Mines he discryes,
[illegible] King and State deliveries.
Thus Hell and Rome have England twice assay'd,
With force and fraud t'have conquer'd and betray'd;
Their Navy first God scattered,
Their Treason next discovered,
And twice hath us delivered.
[illegible] years let eighty eight be Chronicled,
[illegible] *Novembers fifth* be Calendred,
[illegible] both be hallowed,
[illegible]s and tongues solemnized,
[illegible] and songs eternized.
[illegible], God praised be,
[illegible] tongues, lives, be honour'd he,
[illegible]en, Amen say we.

FINIS.